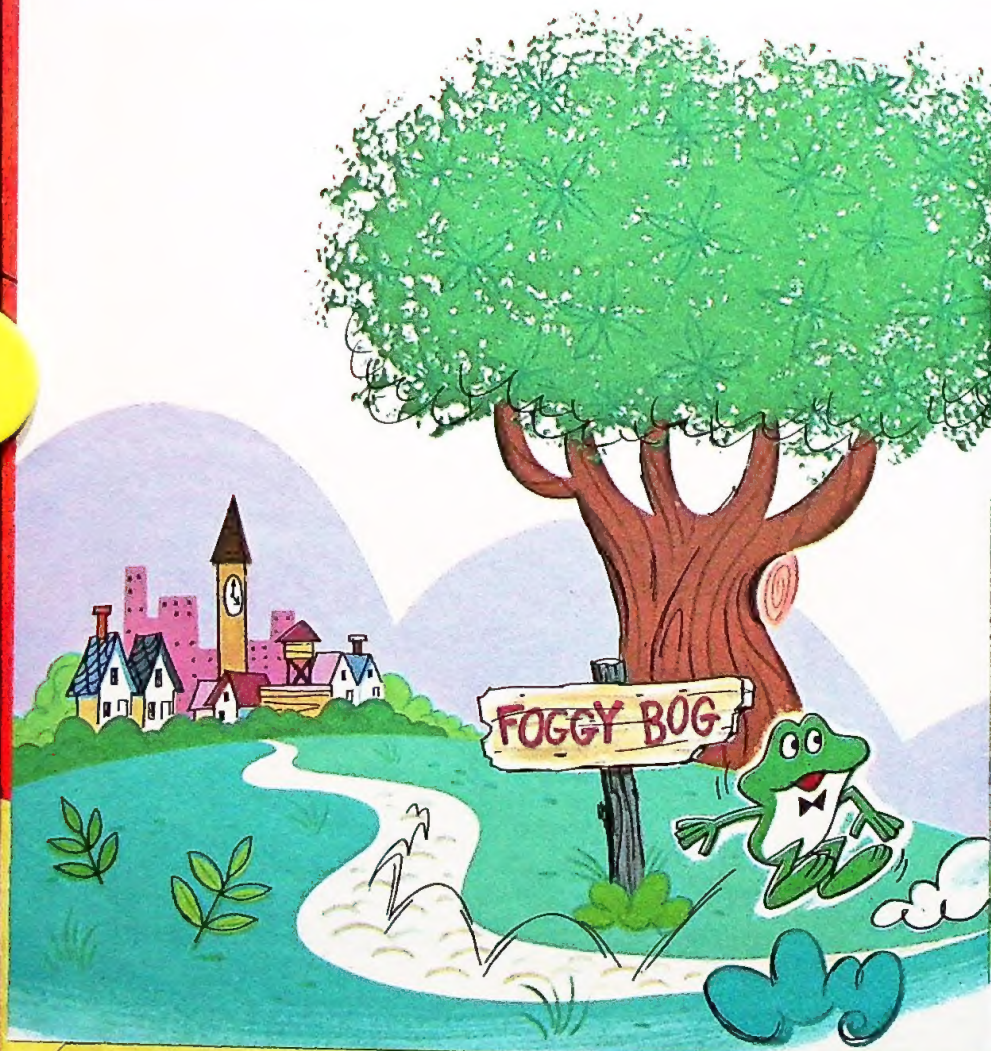


HOPPITY HOOPER vs. SKIPPITY SNOOPER

Authorized Edition





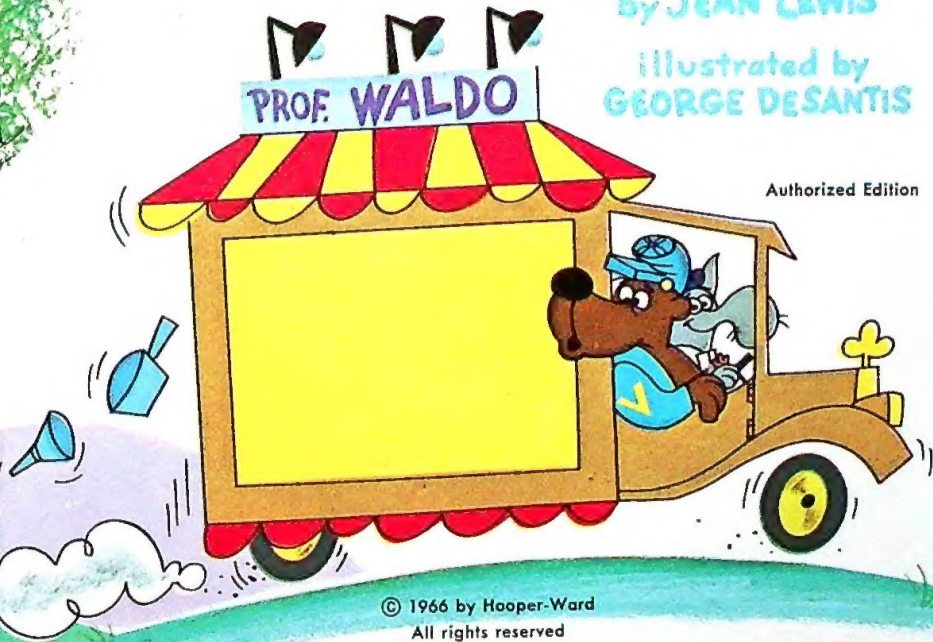
HOPPITY HOOPER

vs. SKIPPITY SNOOPER

by JEAN LEWIS

Illustrated by
GEORGE DESANTIS

Authorized Edition



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PROF. WALDO



"Now I give you — Hoppity Hooper, the highest jumping frog in Foggy Bog and six surrounding counties," cried Professor Waldo.

Fillmore blew a blast on his bugle and Hoppity hopped higher and higher.



While the crowd cheered, Waldo kept up a running sales talk. "Only seventy-five cents for this giant-size bottle of Professor Waldo's Old Indian Elixir. Two over here, Fillmore. Guaranteed to put a spring in your step, a sparkle in your eye, and hair on your bald head!"



Waldo's sharp eye spotted a raised hand. "How many, sir?" he shouted.

"I can jump higher than he can," said the frog who had waved. "I'm Skippity Snooper from Muddville, and I challenge him to a contest!"



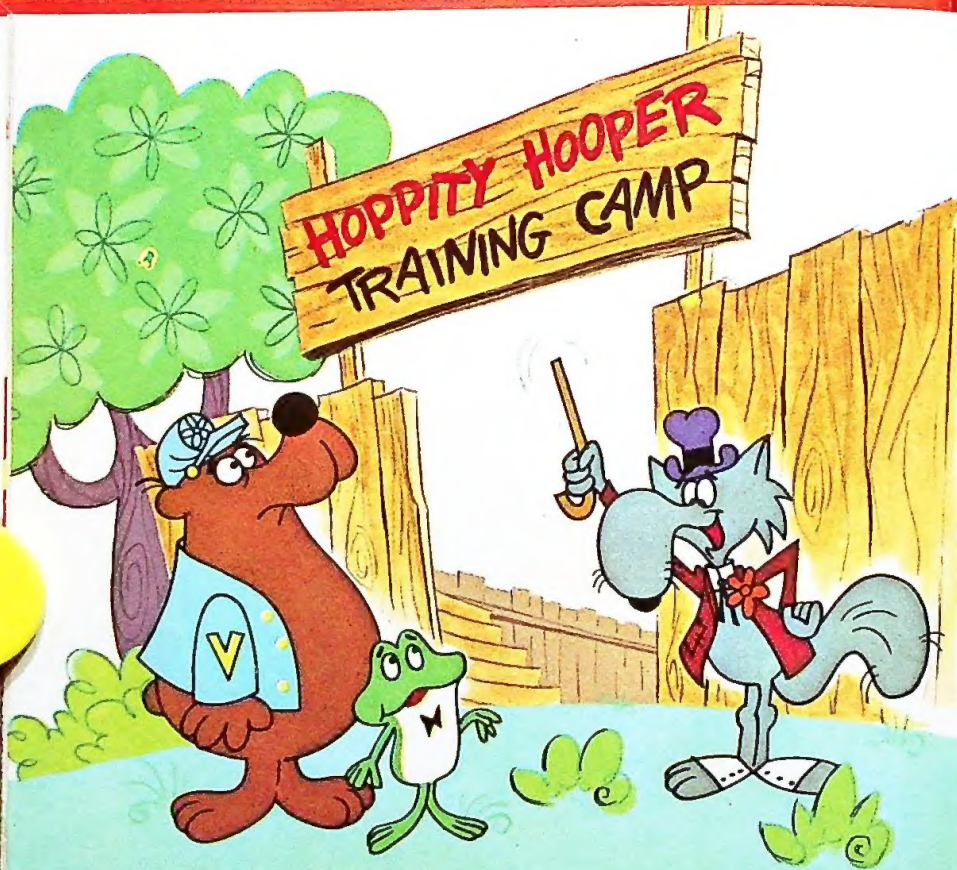
"Fine. I'll jump him fair and square, here and now!" said Hoppity.

Skippity skipped up onto the stage.

"Hold it!" shouted Waldo, getting between them. "I have a better idea. Take a week to train for the contest, lads. Then it's 'Skippity Snooper versus Hoppity Hooper for the county high-jumping contest!' "







First thing next morning Waldo
opened Hoppity's training camp.

"... nine, ten—keep it up, Hoppity! A Pogo stick does wonders for the old muscles!" said Waldo.

"But do I need a whole week to train?" asked Hoppity.

"*I* need a week to sell the tickets!" said Waldo.



COMING
SOON



TICKETS
SOLD
HERE

HOPDITY
VS
SKIPPITY
JUMPING MATCH



"Step right up, folks!" called Waldo.
"Get your tickets now for the jumping
contest of the century!"

"Why should we?" asked Miff Mole.

"*Nobody* can out-jump Hoppity!" said
Rupert Rabbit, shaking his ears.

And not one Foggy Bogger bought a
ticket!





Day by day Waldo grew glummer and glummer. At last, two days before the match, he was forced to take desperate steps — to Muddville.

Without a word to Hoppity, still exercising on his Pogo stick, Waldo loaded a secret weapon onto a trailer behind his truck and sped to Skippity's camp.



"What's that?" asked Skippity suspiciously as Waldo set up his secret weapon behind the high, board fence.



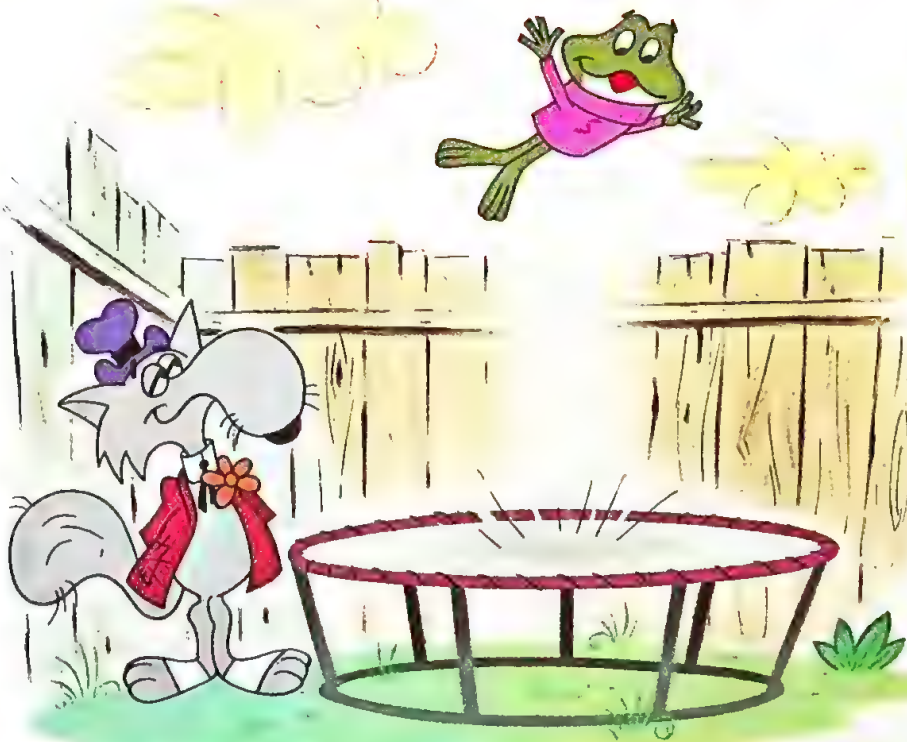
"A trampoline," said Waldo. "Does wonders for the muscles. See?" And Waldo bounced up and down on it.



"Why should *you* care about *my* muscles?" asked Skippity.

"Showmanship, lad! That's what sells tickets. We've got to show the public you're worth buying a ticket to see."





"Gee, this is fun!" said Skippity, beginning to bounce.



Then Waldo scurried outside the fence which hid the trampoline from a crowd of excited Muddvillians. As they watched Skippity bounce higher and higher, they exclaimed:

"Look at that frog jump!"

"Skippity might just win!"





"Showmanship!"
chortled Waldo as
he slipped out of
the crowd and hurried
home to await
developments.

Waldo didn't have
long to wait. As
soon as news of
Skippity's jumping
reached Foggy Bog,
he was besieged
for tickets.





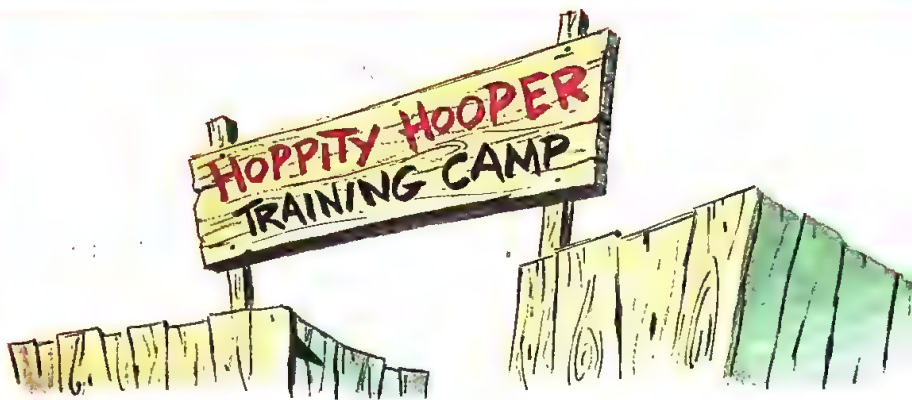
"Six, down front!" cried Miff Mole.

"Thirteen tickets for me," said Rupert Rabbit. "I'm taking the family."

Hearing this made Hoppity curious. "Come on," he told Fillmore, "let's hop to Muddville and see for ourselves."

Later, standing outside the fence, watching Skippity bounce higher and higher, Hoppity's spirits sank lower and lower. "Fillmore," he said, "I'll never jump that high! Let's go home and ask Waldo to call off the match."





Waldo was shocked. "I can't call off the match now. It's sold out! Besides, your reputation's at stake!"

"All right," sighed Hoppity, "but I know I can't top Skippity."

"I've outwitted myself again," moaned Waldo. "Believe me, Hoppity, you *can* out-jump Skippity!"

But how could Hoppity believe Waldo after what he had seen in Muddville?



On the day of the match Skippity skipped into the ring, bursting with confidence. Hoppity just drooped.





Skippity jumped first. A pretty good jump, too. His head brushed the top branch of a pine tree loaded with watchers. Just then the branch swayed. It sagged. It began to C-R-A-C-K!

"Help!" cried
Mother Wren as
her nest rocked
wildly. "My babies!"



The crowd
gasped.

Hoppity forgot the match
and thought only
of the baby birds.
"Hang on," he
cried, "I'll save
you!" He leaped
a mighty leap.



Then, in mid-air, Hoppity picked the nest off the branch. He carried it safely to the ground.

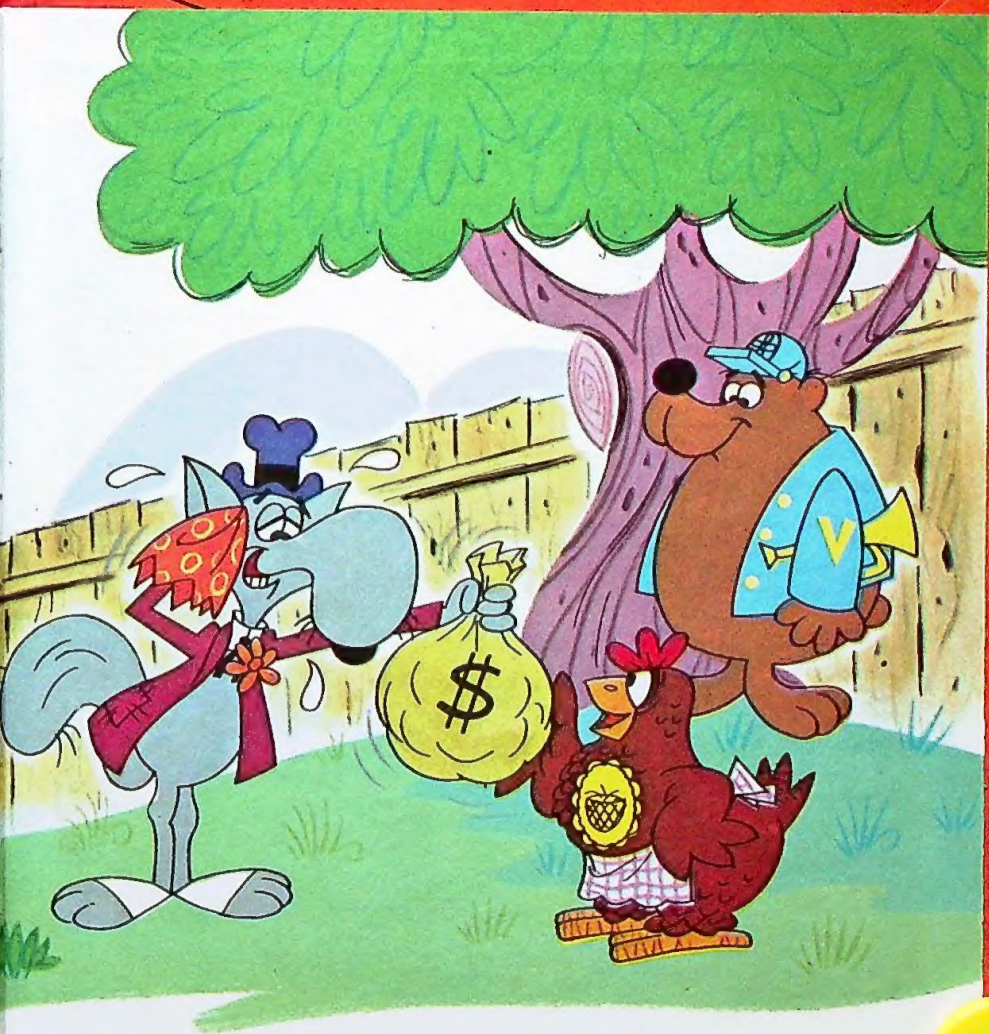


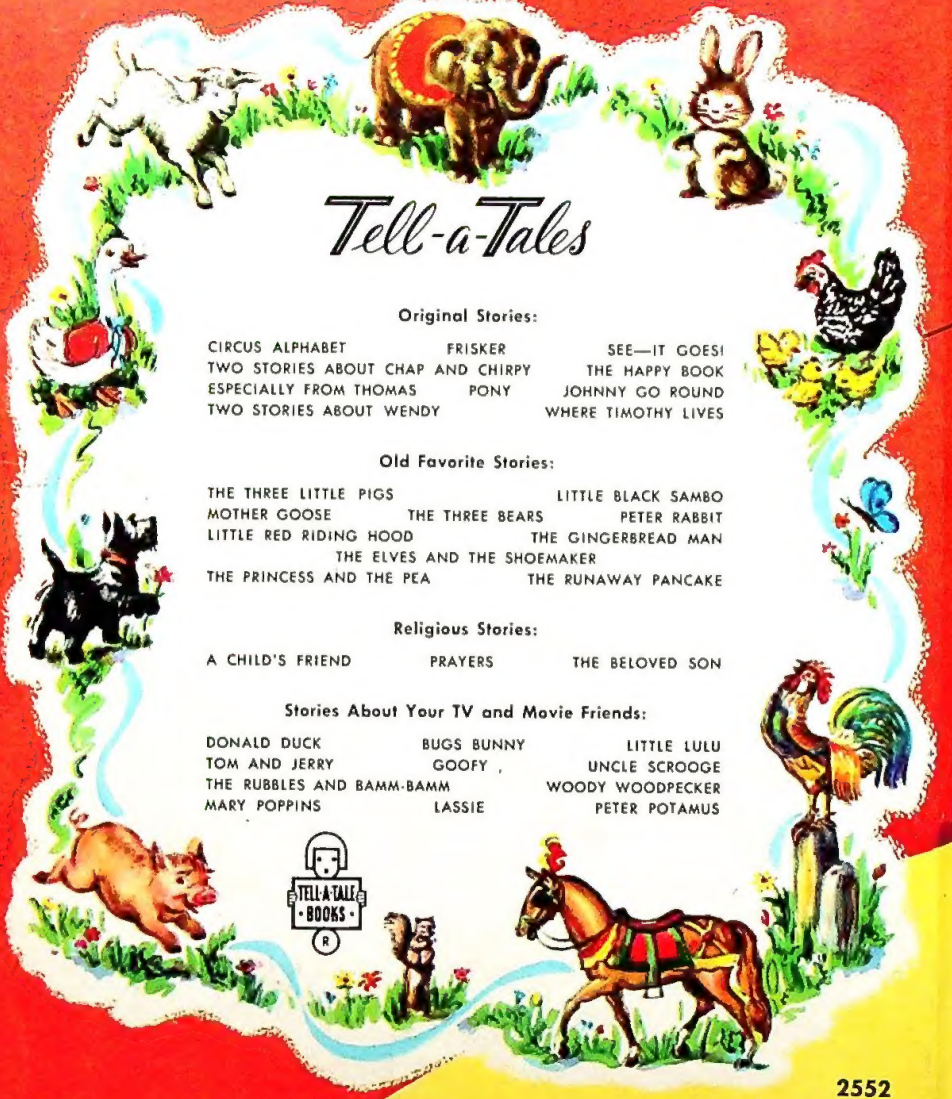
"Hooray for Hooper!" roared the crowd.

Skippity wrung Hoppity's hand. "The best frog won! Congratulations!"

Fillmore bugled and Waldo was so relieved he gave half the ticket money to the Foggy Bog Nest Rebuilding Fund.







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